

# Good Morning 352

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## OVERLOOKED THAT ONE SMALL FACT AND WENT TO GALLOWS

ON December 2nd, 1933, James Pullen, aged 85, was found with his head in a gas oven in the kitchen of his home at Bath.

On May 3rd, 1934, Reginald Ivor Hinks, aged 42, Pullen's son-in-law, was executed at Bristol Gaol, found guilty of murdering Pulien.

Hinks's wife believed in her husband's innocence. She was a witness for him at his trial.

But medical knowledge did not believe in his innocence; the police did not believe his story; the jury did not believe it. And the reason they did not believe him was a simple medical fact which he forgot.

OLD Pullen was an eccentric individual, hard to get along with. He owned property in Bath worth about £2,000. But he was weak both in mind and body; how weak shall be seen.

Hinks descended on Bath and set up as an electrician. He had been discharged from the Army in 1925 on grounds of ill-health, and had drifted from one job to another, having been a barman, cloakroom attendant, a butler. The fact was that he went to Bath because a magistrate had given him the "last chance" he had pleaded for.

When he went to Bath there was a woman in London who had given him a large sum of money, and he apparently had given her a half-promise to marry her, and had given her his Bath address.

When the woman telephoned the address she was told that "Mr. Hinks was out with his wife." So that was that.

Hinks worked towards matrimony quickly. He was only a few weeks in Bath when he married Pullen's daughter. They stayed in Pullen's house. Hinks bought a car. It was within the bounds of possibility that old Pullen would die fairly soon and Hinks's wife would have the property.

Pullen was in such a state of health—mentally as well as bodily—that he had to have a day and a night attendant. His mind wandered, and he had been known to say that he would commit suicide. He was in the habit of going out alone, and sometimes had to be restrained. Everything had to be done for him, even to dressing and undressing.

The attendants had been engaged in January, 1933, but in July of that year Hinks dismissed them, saying he would get somebody else; but he looked after the old man himself.

One night, in the autumn of that year, a policeman saw Pullen walking in his sleep along a road. Behind, was Hinks in his car. Hinks told the policeman that his father-in-law had said he was going for a ten-mile walk and he was watching over him.

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

**Stuart Martin tells what Crook forgot**

While Hinks and the policeman were talking, Pullen fell down. His strength had given out. Hinks drove him home.

An order in lunacy had been made out for Pullen, but on November 16th Hinks went to the police in Bath and asked for the order to be annulled.

He gave as his reason that he wanted £700 to buy a house, and, of course, he could not get the money if Pullen was certified as insane. Anyway, the police sergeant to whom Hinks talked gave as his answer that he had no power to annul the order.

It was a queer kind of household in that house of Pullen's, the old man, the young one, and the need for somebody to look after the octogenarian.

On November 30th Hinks ran to a doctor who lived next door and told him that Pullen had been found in the bath, black in the face, and perhaps dying. Hinks also told this to the Chief Constable, going to his private house to give the news.

But the doctor managed to get Pullen back to life.

A day or so later Mrs. Hinks went to a cinema, leaving Hinks in the house with her father and a stepdaughter aged five.

When she was out, a telephone call came through from Hinks to the Fire Brigade for an ambulance, and the doctor was called again. A policeman arrived with the doctor, or about the same time. Hinks took them to the kitchen, and there they found the old man lying unconscious. The apartment smelled of gas.

When the policeman went over to attend to the old man Hinks remarked, "You may find a bruise at the back of his head. I pulled him out of the gas stove and his head fell with a bump on the floor."

Right enough, there was a bruise on the head of Pullen. The drop from the gas stove to the kitchen floor was about five inches.

Hinks told them that he found old Pullen with his head in the stove. A mackintosh had been draped over the front. The safety tap and another tap had been turned on, the shelves had been removed from the stove.

"I don't think," said the doctor, "that he could turn on taps like that."

"He often turned them on and off," replied Hinks.



You've heard of Air-Sea Rescue.

But do you know the R.A.F. Mounties?

## These are men who rescue Airmen from Mountains

From Colin Wells

THE brilliant work of the launches of the R.A.F. Air-Sea Rescue Service has gained for them a world-wide fame, and been responsible for the saving of hundreds of valuable lives. Yet, quietly, but very successfully, another life-saving unit has been built up within the R.A.F.

They are the R.A.F. Mountain Rescue Service.

Since the air forces based upon Britain grew so rapidly, one would expect crashes to be more frequent—yet they are believed to be far lower than anticipated. As it is, many of the men injured can be treated rapidly, with good results. But in some cases, when a plane is forced down on a mountain, or ridge of high hills, it sometimes takes days to reach them. At least, it did before the formation of the R.A.F. Mountain Rescue Service.

To-day, if a plane is reported to have crashed in a remote mountain district, a unit of this service, led by a young doctor, immediately goes "into action." Although they have none of the thrill of their counterparts in the Air-Sea Rescue Service, as they speed through the water aboard their launches, the "Mounties" as I have heard them called, can be sure of excitement as they clamber up the sides of mountains.

They wear battle-dress, the thick white sweaters worn by air-crews and members of the A.S.R.S., thick white socks, and the traditional mountain boots. They are taken to the nearest point to the wrecked plane aboard a Jeep, which is accompanied by a powerful four-wheel-drive ambulance.

The latter is fitted with

Hinks, who rocked herself to and fro, seeing nothing, seeing everything.

And so Reginald Ivor Hinks was hanged. He made no protest when he went to the scaffold.

What was it he forgot? A simple thing. It was the fact, known to most people, that when death takes place by gas poisoning the blood of the victim becomes pink—sure sign of the presence of carbon monoxide.

Why did the doctor think Hinks was lying?

Because when the doctor examined the bruise on Pullen's head he also tested the blood in the bruise. AND THE BLOOD WAS NOT PINK.

What did that prove? That the bruise had been inflicted before the gas killed Pullen, and the contusion had already been present when his head was thrust into that oven.

Murderers have so much to remember, so much to know.

stretchers, surgical instruments, drugs, iron rations, and oxygen apparatus. The latter has on several occasions played a very big part in saving the life of a badly injured man.

When the Jeep has carried the mountaineering detachment to a point beyond which it cannot travel, the men commence their trek. They can, by means of "Walkie-Talkie" radio sets, strapped on to their backs, keep in touch with the base.

When men—as it cannot be avoided—lose touch with each other, the radio enables them to get together again. Sometimes, in their quest for injured men, these "airmen-mountainers" climb to peaks over 3,000 feet above sea-level.

In Wales, Scotland, and the Lake and Peak Districts, these gallant young men are known and respected by their friends in the district. And on more than one occasion the crew of a machine, saved from a miserable death by these gallants, have called at their headquarters to personally thank them for their kindness and high regard for duty.

On one occasion, for instance, a young mountaineer volunteered to test out a certain path. It meant a terrible death if his confidence was misplaced. But he was right—and because of his daring the lives of men, already suffering from exposure and broken legs, were saved.

Aeroplanes often work in close co-operation with these "Men of the Mountains," and "Flying Eyes" have played a noble part in these missions of mercy among the peaks.

A story these unpublicised heroes of the R.A.F. like telling concerns a young pilot who was forced down on the slopes of a Welsh mountain. The force with which the machine hit the ground knocked the pilot out.

Airmen from all the United Nations have cause to thank this little-known branch of the Service, and, as one American said to me the other day: "Your R.A.F. has 'sailors' to pick up fellows in the Channel; hospitals with wings to aid the wounded; but airmen-mountainers, well, it beats me—but they helped save my life. That's the greatest thing a man can do for another."

How right he is!

## Think These Over

Zenana is the Indian harem, where female members of the family are kept, and to which strangers are not admitted.

There are days in the calendar to commemorate most things, and Arbor Day is the day devoted to promoting the growth of trees, popular all over the American continent and in South Australia. Arbor Day is gradually finding favour in England.

There is an olive-green bird found in India and China which makes its nest of leaves, which it sews together. It is called the Tailor Bird.

A number of savage African tribes still practise Fetishism, the worship of objects such as serpents, teeth, etc., supposed to have supernatural powers. All primitive people had fetishes.

# "The Seditious Papers"

IT was undoubtedly a deposit which Cornelius De Witte, already threatened by the unpopularity with which his countrymen were going to honour him, was placing in the hands of his godson; a contrivance so much the more cleverly devised, as it certainly was not at all likely that it should be searched for at the house of one who had always stood aloof from every sort of intrigue.

And, besides, if the parcel had been made up of bulbs, Boxtel knew his neighbour too well not to expect that Van Baerle would not have lost one moment in satisfying his curiosity and feasting his eyes on the present which he had received.

But, on the contrary, Cornelius had received the parcel from the hands of his godfather with every mark of respect, and put it by with the same respectful manner in a drawer, stowing it away so that it should not take up too much of the room which was reserved to his bulbs.

The parcel thus being secreted, Cornelius De Witte got up, pressed the hand of his godson, and turned towards the door, Van Baerle seizing the candlestick and lighting on his way down to the street, which was still crowded with people who wished to see their great fellow-citizen getting into his coach.

Boxtel had not been mistaken in his supposition. The deposit entrusted to Van Baerle, and carefully locked up by him, was nothing more nor less than John De Witte's correspondence with the Marquis de Louvois, the war-minister of the King of France; only the godfather forbore giving to his godson the least intimation concern-

## THE BLACK TULIP

By Alexandre Dumas—Part 15

ing the political importance of the secret, merely desiring him not to deliver the parcel to anyone but to himself, or to whomsoever he would send to claim it in his name.

And Van Baerle, as we have seen, locked it up with his most precious bulbs, to think no more of it, after his godfather had left him; very unlike Boxtel, who looked upon this parcel, as a clever pilot does on the distant and scarcely perceptible cloud which is increasing on its way, and which is fraught with a storm.

Little dreaming of the jealous hatred of his neighbour, Van Baerle had proceeded step by step toward gaining the prize offered by the Horticultural Society of Haarlem. He had progressed from hazel-nut shade to that of roasted coffee; and on the very day when the frightful events took place at the Hague, which we have related in the preceding chapters, we find him about one o'clock in the day, gathering from the border the young suckers, raised from tulips of the colour of roasted coffee; and which, being expected to flower for the first time in the spring of 1675, would undoubtedly produce the large black tulip required by the Haarlem Society.

On the 20th of August, 1672, at one o'clock, Cornelius was, therefore, in his dry-room, with his feet resting on the foot-bar of the table, and his elbows on the cover, looking with intense delight on three suckers which he had just detached from the mother bulb, pure, perfect, and entire, and from which was to grow that wonderful produce of horticulture, which would render the name of Cornelius Van Baerle for ever illustrious.

"I shall find the black tulip," said Cornelius to himself, whilst detaching the suckers. "I shall obtain the hundred thousand guilders offered by the Society. I shall distribute them among the poor of Dort; and thus the hatred which every rich man has to encounter in times of civil wars will be soothed down, and I shall be able, without fearing any harm either from Republicans or Orangists, to keep as heretofore my borders in splendid condition. I need no more be afraid, lest on the day of a riot the shopkeepers of the town, and the sailors of the port, should come and tear out my bulbs, to boil them as onions for their families, as they have sometimes quietly threatened when they happen to remember my having paid two or three hundred guilders for

one bulb. It is, therefore, settled I shall give the hundred thousand guilders of the prize Haarlem to the poor. And yet—"

Here Cornelius stopped, and heaved a sigh. "And yet," he continued, "it would have been so very delightful to spend the hundred thousand guilders on the enlargement of my tulip-bed, or even on a journey to the East, the country of beautiful flowers. But, alas! these are no thoughts for the present times, when muskets, standards, proclamations, and beating of drums are the order of the day."

Van Baerle raised his eyes to heaven and sighed again. Then, turning his glance towards his bulbs—objects of much greater importance to him than all those muskets, standards, drums, and proclamations, which he conceived only to be fit to disturb the minds of honest people, he said:

"These are, indeed, beautiful bulbs; how smooth they are, how well formed! There is that air of melancholy about them which promises to produce a flower of the colour of ebony. On their skin you cannot even distinguish the circulating veins with the naked eye. Certainly, certainly, not a light spot will disfigure the tulip which I have called into existence. And by what name shall we call this offspring of my sleepless nights, of my labour and my thought? 'Tulipa nigra Barlaeensis.'"

"Yes, 'Barlaeensis,' a fine name. All the tulip-fanciers—that is to say, all the intelligent people of Europe—will feel a thrill of excitement

when the rumour spreads to the four quarters of the globe: THE GRAND BLACK TULIP IS FOUND! How is it called?" the fanciers will ask. "Tulipa nigra Barlaeensis?" "Why 'Barlaeensis'?" After its grower, Van Baerle, will be the answer. "And who is this Van Baerle?" "It is the same who has already produced five new tulips—The Jane, the John De Witte, the Cornelius De Witte, etc. Well, this is what I call my ambition. It will cause tears to no one. And people will still talk of my 'Tulipa nigra Barlaeensis' when perhaps my godfather, this sublime politician, is only known from the tulip to which I have given his name."

"Oh! these darling bulbs! "When my tulip has flowered," Baerle continued in his soliloquy, "and when tranquillity is restored in Holland, I shall give to the poor only fifty thousand guilders, which, after all, is a goodly sum for a man who is under no obligation whatever. Then, with the remaining fifty thousand guilders, I shall make experiments. With them, I shall succeed in imparting scent to the tulip. Ah! if I succeeded in giving the odour of the rose or the carnation, or, what would be still better, a completely new scent; if I restored to this queen of flowers its natural, distinctive perfume, which she has lost in passing from her Eastern to her European throne, and which she must have in the Indian Peninsula at Goa, Bombay, and Madras, and especially in that island which in olden times, as is asserted, was the terrestrial

## CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Behave. 4 Stuff.

6 Gull.  
9 Somerset

town.

11 Treatment.

13 Teacher.

14 Fruit.

15 Basic fact.

17 Baked dish.

18 Fish.

19 Company.

22 Girl's name.

23 Rope fibre.

26 Strange.

28 Winnow.

29 Two.

31 Luminous

body.

33 Leaden-coloured.

35 Centre of amphitheatre.

36 Make exultant.

37 Unite.

38 Inefficient.

39 Detergent.

CRAM PUNT F  
HORIZON AHA  
ACID MIRROR  
M SAT VENUE  
PRESUMED R  
SON NOR FLU  
D NEWSBODS  
PEDAL EARTH  
ROUGES NAPE  
ASK STAGGER  
M EASY SETS

### CLUES DOWN.

1 Towards the stern. 2 Raw. 3 Absolute. 4 Reading. 5 Entitle. 6 Girl's name. 7 Bird. 8 Guildford's river. 10 Witty saying. 12 Brown. 16 Shed feathers. 18 Tree. 20 Went slow. 21 Edible tuber. 22 Sheets. 24 In front of. 25 Called. 26 Vie with. 27 Concord. 30 Afflict. 31 Bird's cry. 32 Small flap. 34 Scottish river.

paradise, and which is called Ceylon—oh, what glory! I must say, I would then rather be Cornelius Van Baerle than Alexander, Caesar or Maximilian.

"Oh, the admirable bulbs!"

Thus Cornelius indulged in the delights of contemplation, and was carried away by the sweetest dreams.

Suddenly the bell of his cabinet was rung much more violently than usual.

Cornelius, startled, laid his hands on his bulbs and turned round.

"Who is here?" he asked.

"Sir," answered the servant, "it is a messenger from the Hague."

"A messenger from the Hague! What does he want?"

"Sir, it is Craeke."

"Craeke! The confidential servant of Mynheer John De Witte?"

"Good, let him wait."

"I cannot wait," said a voice in the lobby.

And at the same time forcing his way in, Craeke rushed into the dry-room.

This abrupt entrance was such an infringement on the established rules of the household of Cornelius Van Baerle that the latter, at the sight of Craeke, almost convulsively moved his hand which covered the bulbs, so that two of them fell on the floor, one of them rolling under a small table, and the other into the fireplace.

"Zounds!" said Cornelius, eagerly picking up his precious bulbs, "what's the matter?"

"The matter, sir," said Craeke, laying a paper on the large table, on which the third bulb was lying, "the matter is that you are requested to read this paper without losing one moment."

And Craeke, who thought he had remarked in the streets of Dort symptoms of a tumult similar to that which he had witnessed before his departure from the Hague, ran off without even looking behind him.

"All right, all right! my dear Craeke," said Cornelius, stretching his arm under the table for the bulb, "your paper shall be read, indeed it shall."

In this moment they saw across the banister of the staircase, the points of the halberds of the soldiers rising.

The housekeeper raised her hands to heaven.

As to Cornelius Van Baerle, it must be stated to his honour, not as a man, but as a tulip-fancier, his only thought was for his inestimable bulbs.

Looking about for a paper in which to wrap them up, he noticed the fyleaf from the Bible, which Craeke had laid upon the table, took it without, in his confusion, remembering whence it came, folded in it the three bulbs, secreted them in his bosom, and waited.

At this very moment the soldiers, preceded by a magistrate, entered the room.

"Are you Doctor Cornelius Van Baerle?" demanded the magistrate (who, although knowing the young man very well, put his questions according to the forms of justice, which gave his proceedings a much more dignified air). "I am that person, Master Van Spenn," answered Cornelius, politely bowing to his judge, "and you know it very well."

"Then give up to us the seditious papers which you secrete in your house."

(To be continued.)

## WANGLING WORDS—298

1. Put a narrow passage in PTS and get some heavenly bodies.

2. In the following proverb both the letters and the words have been shuffled. What is it? *Seuwsep a ancile wen ombro.*

3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change BUN into TEA and then back again into BUN, without using the same word twice.

4. Find an American city hidden in the following sentence: That frock was chic a good many years ago, but now it's old fashioned. (The required letters will be found together and in the right order.)

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 297

1. MANSlaughTER.

2. Nothing venture, nothing have.

3. BIG, bag, tag, tog, TOE, tot, lot, log, bog, BIG.

4. Ap-ple . . . or-ange.

It is a mark of insincerity of purpose to spend one's time in looking for the sacred Emperor in the low-class tea-shops.

Ernest Bramah, "The Wallet of Kai Lung."



JANE



### Answers to Quiz in No. 351

- Advertisement.
- (a) Peter Fleming, (b) H. G. Wells.
- Granite is a fire-formed rock; others are sedimentary.
- "The Fram."
- Ann Boleyn.
- 136,000,000.
- Collapse. Commemorate.
- A torch.
- 16th.
- About 700.
- Keep to the left.
- Pterope, Ptisan, Ptere, Ptarmic, Ptomaine, Ptarmigan, etc.

## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE



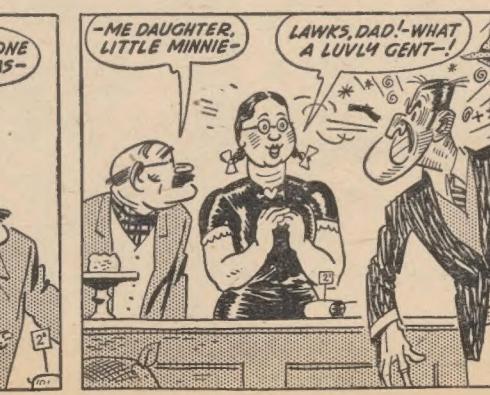
## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



# Will Opera Live?

Asks DICK GORDON

Is opera dying? Has opera lost its hold on the British public? Does the coming generation want opera?

These questions, arising at a B.B.C. Brains Trust, evoked an echo from "The Stage." Surveying the prospect, the writer found little to comfort him.

We were reminded, for example, that such opera as had been sponsored in the past by the Covent Garden, the British National and the Beecham companies, had collapsed after a few years of desperate gambling. A similar fate, it seems, befell the brave and enterprising touring companies which occasionally secured a provincial foothold.

Why? First, argues, the spokesman of "The Stage," because opera, as it manifested itself during the short-lived Covent Garden seasons, existed solely to gratify the whim of a well-to-do minority, who regarded it merely as a medium for social ostentation. And, secondly, because opera is "by its very nature the most magnificently illogical and artificial of all forms of art."

The first of these arguments might carry some weight with those who have the cause of music really at heart. Opera that exists merely for the social aggrandisement of richly dowered connoisseurs in products of the musical hot-house must expect the shortest of shrift in these progressive times when music appeals to people as a whole.

But the argument that opera is unpopular in Britain because the Englishman, with his irrepressible sense of humour and his esteem for common sense, finds it hard to accommodate himself to the conventions of the lyrical drama, must fail to carry conviction in the light of dispassionate reflection.

It is true that, in our workaday world, we do not sing when asking the time, when offering a drink, or when dying of consumption. But neither do we deliver ourselves of magnificent verse when we are betrayed by erring daughters, when we are maddened by the torments of jealousy, or when we are pleading the cause of a client at the bar of justice, as some of Shakespeare's characters do.

Yet Shakespeare, we are told by our Thespian leader writer, has been taken to the hearts of men and women who are "bang up against the realities of life and death," and who have been brought "face to face with the eternal verities."

If our commentator is at fault in his inferences on this point, he seems to be even wider of the mark in his assumption that because opera failed to survive in the Covent Garden of yesteryear, it is equally unwanted in the provinces of to-day. Those who have had the misfortune to find themselves among the hundreds who have been turned away from overfull theatres during the provincial visits of the Sadler's Wells and the Carl Rosa companies seem to have a different story to tell.

It is a story that does not invariably end happily ever after, conditions being what they are to-day. But it does bespeak the hope that this most illogical and artificial of arts will take an unconscionably long time a-dying.

Content thyself to be obscurely good. When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway, The post of honour is a private station.

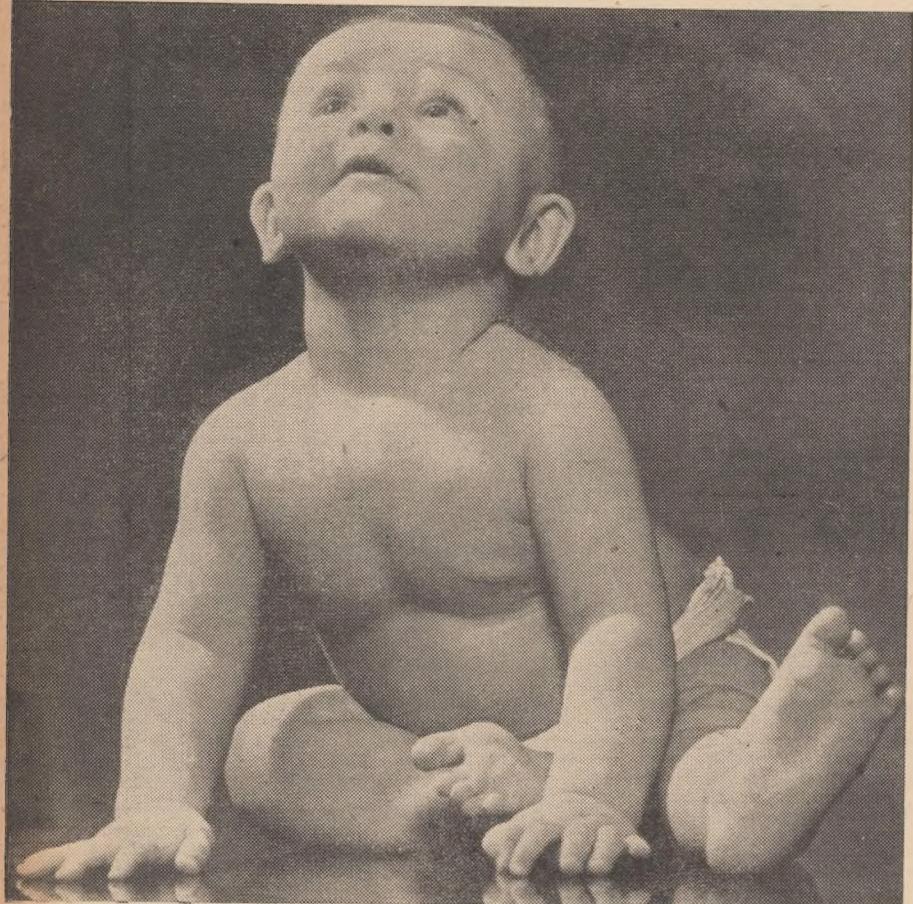
Addison.



"Johnson, this pin-up girl business is going a bit too far."

# This England

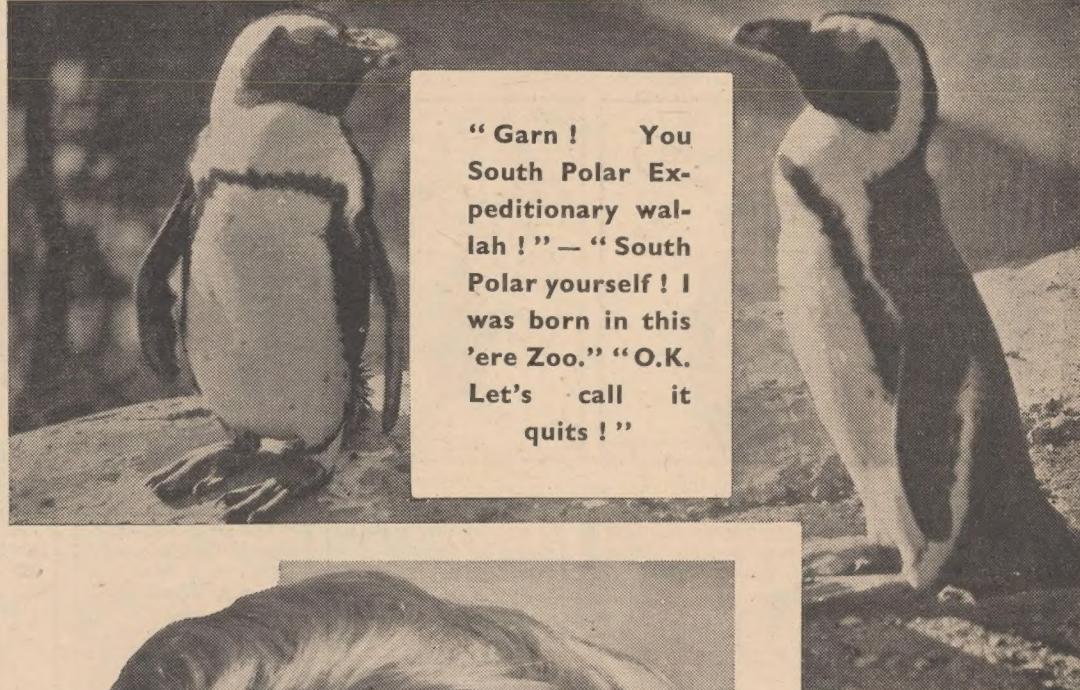
Where the graceful Downs go down to the sea. Telscombe, Sussex, is a picture of the serenity that is England.



"Pennies from Heaven? I admit my right foot's not much good, but I guess Heaven likes me."



"I am the King of the Castle!" "Yeah, you and how many of your ugly sisters?"



"Garn! You South Polar Expeditionary walah!" — "South Polar yourself! I was born in this 'ere Zoo." "O.K. Let's call it quits!"



Twentieth-Century Fox calls this little lady Poldy Dur. We wish we could think of a name to match her beauty.

